The White Stag

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The White Stag

by breakneck

Summary

Hannibal is something more than human and Will is trying to track him down without getting in too deep. Mixing verbatim scenes from the show with small twists to the canon, eventually everything comes to a head.

How much can you taste before you can never go back?

White as Snow, Red as Blood

Chapter Notes

There is a fanmix with a song for every chapter of the mix that's out so far (I update it with a new song every chapter)
You can listen while you read here: http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag
Or, if you prefer every chapter has the song that goes with it placed at the top of the page. Chapter one's recommended listening is Overdone by Ludo: Overdone

I've tried to make it a real mix, so if you don't like this song you should keep going because they're all pretty different from each other.

I'm roughkiss on Tumblr, btw. If and when I update stuff I usually post a link up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will is sitting fully clothed on the edge of his bed. The snow is deep, the night is dark and still, compounded by the fact that none of the lights are on in the room. The door is shut to keep the dogs out. They had pawed at the door for a while to be let in, to share his warmth, but Will needs to be alone. He has been sitting in this position long enough that even Buster has decided to curl up somewhere else for the night.

Time has passed since his release, but he can't shake the memory of how it looked when he first came home, the bed made perfectly, his things placed neatly. It felt empty and impersonal, like a hotel room. Alana kept the place clean, fed the dogs and whatnot but he can still feel where the FBI touched everything; keeps finding things not exactly where they should be. Will keeps making the bed, he's not sure why, it's an extra step in the morning routine, it helps him make damn sure he won't have too much time with idle hands. –He hasn't touched his lures since…

He toes his shoes off and peels off his socks as he flings himself back onto the bed arms outstretched and lays there staring upwards into the blackness. His mind makes a familiar lap around a path he'd beaten into hard-caked dirt over the events of his life. He thinks of Beverly, Abigail, Alana…

Not tonight. He needs to sleep. He can think again tomorrow, come back to his plan tomorrow. But how to get to sleep? His taste for sleeping pills was dulled by a sense that they left him vulnerable. Hannibal could kill him at any time, he knows that, but does not want to make it easy for him.

He's so weary, he wants to lay there in his clothes but he knows he'd better go to the bathroom before he sleeps so he hauls himself back up with a tremendous amount of willpower and trudges to the bathroom, peeling off everything but his wifebeater and his

boxers as he goes. Once he has relieved himself he realizes that there is one avenue afforded him of release that he hadn't thought of in a while.

Will crawls into bed and props himself up against the headboard. He peers around the room once more and brushes a hand over his boxers, once, twice, testing the waters. His member stirs, so he pulls it out and touches it lightly. He thinks about how he hasn't had a chance to use it in a while, but he pushes that to the back of his mind and tries to focus on the sensation, to be present only in his body, not his mind. The hot sensation is enough for a while and with his other hand he brushes his thighs and chest, tries to feel alive. He strokes and strokes but it isn't enough and his focus wanders.

Now he's thinking of all the wrong things, he tried to think of Alana, but it's wrong, it feels like taking possession of someone else, celebrities aren't people, and Alana is with Hannibal now and shit. He's strangely calm about it, keeps working his wrist even though it's getting tired as he tries to get back on track. His thoughts are swirling, images unbidden of death and violence, ears and Georgia and sitting in his cell thinking it was finally over, thinking he had killed Hannibal. He would kill Hannibal. He would stand over him too and he would put an end to all this and- and-

He came, hard. Will gasped as something *stirred* inside of him. His mind drifted in a fog of bliss and thoughts came to him slowly of red and red on snow of antlers stained with gore, his own white teeth, his hands ripping-

Will is himself again, his hands wet with cum, and his body cold with sweat. The taste in his mouth is sour now and he flees to the bathroom to retch and inspect himself in the mirror. He thinks his eyes look glassy, as he brushes his teeth. He glimpses his eyes reflecting back at him as he switches off the light like some terrible beast.

"To hell with it, let him come!" Will hisses and rummages in his bedside table for his sleeping pills. He finds them, and downs them dry. Sleep finds Will feeling as if he is not alone in the dark.

Chapter End Notes

Ah ha ha, I'm beginning to wonder if people will think I'm creepy if I post this, chapter one really isn't too creepy, but I think it will slowly spiral out of control as I go.

If you gather all the pieces it still won't ever be the same

Chapter Notes

Fanmix: http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag
Recommended Listening Your Lips Are Red by St. Vincent: Link to the song

This chapter relies heavily on knowledge of and the events in SE ep 9 Shiizakana. I've tried to stay true to what actually happened while adding my own influence. It's weird, for a bit there it almost became a novelization of the episode, but then I decided to crop it a little closer for speed later on. I didn't want to miss the lines that brought us into this twisted turn of events so much of the dialogue is directly from the episode, but the internal thoughts are mine. I think next chapter I will go back to my more standard format of alluding back to events rather than transcribing them. It's interesting, but difficult to get the details right.

Also, omg, I wanted to skip this so bad and just go to the parts I wanted to write. I'm hoping to have at least half another chapter written tonight.

He is awake, clutching the sheets, sticky and hot against the cold Virginia winter. The dream was strange. He had tamed the stag, controlled it with just a whistle. And, he had killed Hannibal, Hannibal the monster…the wendigo. Strange how his mind presented Hannibal in that way; as other. Certainly he saw his killers as they saw themselves, he could slip into their skins, why should Hannibal be different? Why this strange famished creature pulled taut and withered? Why did it seem that he had not awoken in fear, but exhilaration? Will rolls over onto his stomach and tries to press everything out of his mind.

Seated in Hannibal's office Will has no choice but to talk about last night and the man in the horse.

"I regret what I did in the stable" Will says.

"Then you are lucky I was there." Says Hannibal.

"No, no, no," he says faintly, "being lucky isn't the same as making a mistake. The mistake was allowing you to stop me." Will says and as he speaks he knows there is a truth to what he is saying.

"So it's not pulling the trigger you regret, it's not being able to pull it effectively." Hannibal says, his tone even.

“That would be more accurate.” Will swallows hard. He’s trembling. It’s dangerous to say these things out loud. Giving voice to evil gives it power, he knows that. Will’s not sure which culture that belongs to at the moment, suspects it’s more than one, but he keeps eye contact with the man across from him. This time, Hannibal speaks with a little more insistence.

“You must adapt your behavior to avoid feeling this way again, Will.” Says Hannibal. It’s classic, his words sound so much like the right thing to do. If it were anyone else, if he had followed up with anything else, it probably would have been good advice.

“Adapt…” Will whispers, “Evolve. Become.”

“Yes.” Hannibal’s voice is reverently hushed. Will remembers the barn. “I can whisper through the chrysalis” Hannibal had said. *My* chrysalis.

“I want you to close your eyes. Imagine a version of events you wouldn’t have regretted.” Hannibal is back to his professional voice.

Will’s image is quick but Ingram is not.

“What do you see?” says Hannibal.

“I see a missed opportunity” Will answers, “to feel like I felt when I killed Garrick Jacob Hobbs.” Will's eyes are stinging.

“To feel like I felt when I thought I’d killed you.” Will isn’t sure what he expects to gain from this admission but he realizes he is no longer afraid of Hannibal. He isn’t sure why.

Hannibal licks his lips.

“What does that feel like?” his voice is low as he leans forward in his chair.

“I felt a quiet sense of,” Will’s eyes flick back and forth, searching for the word he needs, “power.”

The tension between them is palpable.

“Good. Remember that feeling.” says Hannibal. Will cannot help but feel that somehow a bond has been made between them.

“Will?” a voice says.

“Will?” Crawford says again with more insistence.

The blood that comes spurting out of the monster arcs across the winter air for an instant more then Will is back to reality staring at the victims of some “animal” attack. Will could almost smell the guy, some torrid mix of man and beast. He reads his markings in the snow, and elaborates for Jack in a way he hopes sounds sane, or sane enough to suffice for “stable” Will.

He would finish with “this is my design,” but it’s not Will’s design and he’s uncomfortably aware that it isn’t. His design involved a pulley and the stag. *His* stag, he had it hitched up, it’s not threatening him now, but working with him. What does it mean? He squares his shoulders and walks away across the snow packed down by the industrious march of FBI agents like black ants.

Will needs a second opinion, so as soon as he can he borrows photographs of the scene, specifically the wounds and takes them to Peter for a second look. All the way to the facility his thoughts are swirling around phrases about the killer not “hiding his true nature.” Will’s skin prickles just thinking about it. Hannibal was almost talking to him, about him. Will doesn’t want to hide anymore. Is that right? It wasn’t Will that was hiding, it was just those wicked, wicked thoughts. But they were never really *his* thoughts…

Will Graham keeps playing it over to himself as he enters the facility. Even as he sits with Peter it’s taking his attention away from the task at hand, coloring his perception of what Peter is saying to him. A wolf and a bear can be friends with enough training, huh? But who trains them? Will can see himself as a trained bear perhaps, but not Hannibal… and yet… Maybe they act under similar circumstances, but a bear and a wolf can never have more than an uneasy truce.

“Please don’t blame the animals. Man is the only creature that kills to kill.” Peter told him.

Will wanted to tell him he didn’t think that was true, that he could feel it in his gut, but he didn’t think that would be kind. Instead he went out to his car and stood out in the biting air for a while to keep the bile in his throat for the long drive home.

Beartrap

Chapter Notes

Fanmix: http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag
Recommended listening Change (in the House of Flies) by Deftones: I watched you changeeeeee into a flyyyyyy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The dogs are going ballistic. Occasionally a buck will wander across his lawn at night, but this is different. Will steps out onto the porch to get a look and Buster gets out and bounds across the snow, a big dog in a terrier's body.

Will wastes no time grabbing his coat and his rifle and running after him. There are things in the night that a man can't fight with his bare hands. Will is bounding after him up the hill when he hears a sound distinct from the crunching of his boots in the snow and his own heavy breathing. Buster is whimpering. He follows the noise with a burst of speed to Buster, his white and orange coat spotted with blood. He checks the wound and the area around them for the attacker but his eyes fail to see in the darkness. In one smooth motion he picks him up and turns to flee.

He can feel the hairs on the back of his neck stand up; and as he turns to look over his shoulder he can see the snow churning in his wake. His adrenaline kicks in and he makes it down the hill and into the house and deposits his charge, wounded but not critically. He shuts the door and turns out the lights, focusing himself on the attack that he can sense is coming. He notices that the dogs are not facing the door and turns his head just in time to see it burst through the window.

Of course Will had visualized the beast but the creature that came through the glass was nightmarish even by his standards. It -roared- at him and bared its great mechanical teeth.

Will had just enough time to bring the butt of his rifle up and smash it into the creature's head before he was thrown onto the ground. Will's blow had displaced Randall's trajectory just enough that he merely knocked Will down, rather than tearing off his head.

Suddenly Will's mind is recording in high definition and the world slows down. Randall stirs, righting himself to lunge at Will but he is moving so painfully slow. The stag is blowing its steaming breath in Will's ear and the room is suddenly cold as the night air rushes in. Will's dogs are circling, throats rumbling in protection of their master. It resonates in Will's chest and Will *growls*. The dogs shrink back and do not interfere.

He can see Randall's eyes now, not the beast's eyes, and they are fixated on him, wide but focused. The jaws open and he pushes off the ground at Will's face. Will is calm. Though

Randall moves quickly Will reaches forward and takes the jaws in his hands and prying them apart. He pulls his leg up and kicks Randall in the face. Now he's on the ground and Will is on top of him and he's punching him and tearing him and Randall is struggling to get up, the beast's jaw is broken but he's trying to bite Will with teeth stained red. He tries to rend with fierce claws but Will is fiercer, he has pinned Randall's arms under his knees.

Randall whimpers and belly-up he dies submissive. Will can instantly feel the difference. He feels the life leave Randall and... enter him. Something is happening to him, he can feel it, he can feel it enter him and change him. He and the beast are one. He gasps as the stag's antlers pierce the crown of his skull, feeling for a moment how orgasmic it is to walk in his own skin.

And with his silent tread he takes the kill to the only person he can. He places the bastard, the imposter, at the foot of the table stripped of his cobbled-up monster. He doesn't need it anymore.

"Tonight's dish." he thinks wryly.

When Hannibal returns to his home Will is waiting for him. "I'd say this makes us even. I send someone to kill you, you send someone to kill me, Even Steven." Will says when Hannibal finally shows himself, but he knows that they aren't.

Hannibal has changed him, and he knows he can't go back.

Chapter End Notes

Usually I do straight canon divergence or scenes that didn't occur in canon. This is a different animal. I have a vague idea of where I'm going with this story, but I feel like I have to display my evidence in order to convince you, dear reader of the reality of it all. In light of last night's episode I have some thinking to do about where I want to really head away from the canon entirely, but I hope you'll stay with me. I'm very touched so many people have read what I've written so far and I hope to keep you entertained. ;)

Liminal Space

Chapter Summary

Fanmix, idk, in case you changed your mind:http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag
Recommended listening Demon Kitty Rag by Katzenjammer: Demon Kitty Rag

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There is no denying that when Hannibal walked inside he was surprised to see Will. He had expected Will to win the struggle; Randall was after all more experienced at killing, but Will was a more experienced hunter.

He did not expect him to be standing under his great painting of Leda and the swans. He expected him to be in an ambulance, or have called Jack, or any number of other things. There was a very low chance that Will would come here, but the chance had been worth it.

He is standing at the head of the table eyes glossy but lucid, with elegant black antlers protruding from his mop of curly hair. The gift he had brought was quite excellent. He had stripped Randall of his beast, made him man again, and laid him across the table, a reimagining of the hanged man on dead wood.

“The hanged man is a symbol of divinity, Will. To have him here, across the table like this, it’s quite a statement.” Hannibal spoke in his psychiatrists’ voice, even and quiet.

“What have you *done* to me, Dr. Lector?” Will’s voice is a horrified whisper. He turns now and stretches out his arms; even in his hunting jacket and flannel he exudes a grace Lector has seen only in glimpses before. The kill had been brutal, swift. He could smell no gunpowder, only sweat and blood.

Perhaps Hannibal’s lips twitched into a smile. Will’s face contorted.

“What have *I* done? How did it feel, Will?” Hannibal says, smiling with all his teeth now.

“What do you mean, the part where I killed the man or the part where I- I-” Will stumbled so Hannibal interjected politely.

“You became, Will. I had hoped you had it in you, but there are so few ...” Hannibal’s eyes are shining.

“I, What do you mean? Became what?” Will says, shaking his head, and then looking up aghast as if he has just remembered the antlers.

“How does it feel to feel to be one with the stag, Will?” God, Will can *hear* the smile as Hannibal poses his question. His stomach does a flip. In spite of himself, Will moves forward a step and grabs the edge of the table. He looks at his kill then, and then back up at Hannibal, doe-eyed and visibly afraid.

“So very young…” Hannibal says to himself, his lips barely moving. Hannibal closes the distance between them. He puts his arms around Will and embraces him full-on, his head on Will’s shoulder. Will’s arms are at his sides. He balls his hands into fists, but relaxes and lets his hands swing loose at his sides. Will can smell Hannibal now; camel hair jacket and something hard and steely.

The most perverse thought passes through Will’s mind then. Of all things he imagines that fucking deer.

“The King of the Forest.” He wheezes into the nape of Hannibal’s neck.

“What?” Hannibal pulls back then, arms on Will’s shoulders.

“Bambi’s father. For some reason, that’s what comes to mind.” He laughs then. It’s a broken kind of laugh, a little high and hysterical.

Hannibal quirks his mouth.

“I think the comparison stands. As always you surprise me. The older and wiser creature leads the way for his own to come into the light. Thank you, Will. I’ll show you what needs to be done.” He turns then and lead the way out of the room towards his kitchen. In the space of the doorway Will could see the light glint off long black antlers as Hannibal steps into darkness. He follows behind, hands shaking and famished.

Chapter End Notes

If I have misused the tarot, forgive me. It just struck me as odd that his head should be facing the doorway rather than Will's place at the head of the table. It seemed significant. It might be a bit of a stretch to say he's the hanged man, but tarot art is a popular subject, and the meaning of this card, and it's mysterious nature intrigue me. Will's hanged man, is not suspended, but his beast is. He is not hung from a tree, but placed flat on one. He is not alive as many hanged men are, but very clearly dead. It's almost the exact opposite of the image.

If I were a better artist, I would paint Will standing in front of the window, soft light, long black antlers coming out of his hair. As is, I'm fiddling with the idea of a little bit of art to go with this, but I make no promises.

P.S. Yo, I'm totally traumatized by the Season ending. Like, I'm currently reading the books and attempting to get up the stones to watch the films (I've never seen them! How can this be?! And I know what happened to Will as of Book two, but god you guys. ;_; I'm cry.

Gradually We Change

Chapter Notes

Recommended listening :Eyes on Fire" by Blue Foundation: Eyes on Fire

Fanmix, idk, in case you changed your mind:http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal had gone to work immediately. He put on his plastic coat and carried the body into his workroom under the kitchen. The ease of it was disturbing- practiced, and the strength with which he moved under the weight made Will shiver. Will is standing at the foot of the staircase as far from the body as possible. His eyes are fixed on his victim. Hannibal beckons for him to step into the range of the curtain, and he does so. Hannibal closes the curtain and gestures to gloves and he dons them. Will does not move any closer to him than that.

Hannibal finds the mark as he undresses the carcass, where the shoulder joins the back of the neck. A lover might plant a kiss there, or whisper sweet nothings.

“Ah, you started without me. I suppose that is to be expected.” Says Hannibal as he slides Randall’s arm out of his shirt.

“What?” Will hadn’t expected Hannibal to speak.

“I have forgotten what it was like to be green, but I suppose you aren’t as practiced as I am. My first was difficult to resist as well. Come here. Look.” He is laughing under his breath.

Will does as he is told, and sidles up alongside the body on the spotless table. The wound was quick but deep, a mouthful of pomegranate seeds trapping him on the wrong side of the Styx forever.

His mouth waters.

“I…” Will says. Time stretches miserably around him. He puts a shaking hand out to steady himself but does not want to put himself any closer to the body, and instead clenches his fist.

“The temptation is to feed raw, to enjoy the garden ripened by the sun and nothing else. Of course there is pleasure in that, but I posit that there are better ways to enjoy the fruits of your labor. You are not an animal, Will.” Hannibal says, continuing to strip the kill.

“You do not have to behave like them. You are more predisposed to that type of behavior, and that is my fault, I have not taught you better. But, I am an epicurean and if I give you

anything I will give you a taste for the gourmet." He turns a critical eye on the body, inspects it.

"If we are not animals, then what are we? I certainly feel like an animal. I certainly-*kill* like an animal." Will says with a shake of his head his crown of antlers weighing him down.

He remembered.

-His hands... He had had enough forethought to wash them before he left the house, to put a tarp in the back of his vehicle. He thought like a man after the fact, but during the fight he had sunk his teeth into Randall's neck and dared him to stand and be killed again.

"There are stories in one form or another from all over the world: the preta in Sanskrit, gaki

In Japan, though the closest is the Ojibwe with their wendigo. Of course, I am no giant with a heart of ice." Hannibal said.

Will didn't know what to say, he only recognized one of the terms Hannibal was talking about. He knew what a wendigo was, he had a fascination with the woods as a child and devoured everything he could get to learn about them. He knew that wendigos were people who became monsters by eating other people.

"But there must be some other catalyst." Will said, more to himself than to Hannibal.

"Certainly. You cannot feed a pig a pig and expect it to be anything other than a pig." Hannibal stops what he is doing to turn to Will now. Randall lay on the table, a line between them.

"Why not Randall then? What makes the difference?" Will says carefully wording his sentence.

"What makes the difference? Randall was only ever an animal. You can't feed a pig a pig as I said. He was below us. For him it was only about the maiming. But you chose something else, maiming wasn't enough. Thinking about it wasn't enough. You chose to feed. You'd like to now, wouldn't you?" Hannibal waits patiently for Will to speak.

Will's stomach is empty. He's been too distraught to eat much of anything lately and the thought of eating right here makes him ill.

But his mouth is watering. He bites his lip subconsciously.

"I would be careful of that. When your teeth come in it can be difficult to keep from biting your lips off if you've gotten into the habit of chewing them." Hannibal says. He is still looking at Will, waiting for an answer.

"This is absurd," Will says, "of all the things…" He is interrupted by an intense pressure in his gums.

“Oh.” Will says, sucking in his breath. Will’s hands fly up to his mouth and he finds his teeth are needles, long and sharp. He pricks his finger through the plastic glove. The scent of fresh blood catches the good doctor’s nostrils and for an instant he flickers and Will can see him as he really is: a taut, dark, shape in this sterile room.

He studies Will, keeps the distance between them. Will wonders dimly whether Hannibal is afraid he might bite him or if he is trying to keep from attacking Will. Will stands with his mouth open, afraid to move, his tongue recoiled from the foreign features.

“You shouldn’t speak. You are still developing. You will bite your tongue severely if you try.” He closes the distance between them, leans down and inspects Will’s teeth.

“I-” Will starts, unsure of himself.

“I have never had the chance to see them. So perfectly designed for their task…” Hannibal says and straightens up once again. His eyes are bright.

“You have two choices, Will. Either you take your meal as you would here in this room or you wait for me upstairs. I will prepare the choicest cut, and you and I can dine together. Either way, what we do with him is your choice.” Hannibal said. Will shudders, surprised at the effort it takes to reply.

“I’ll wait.” Says Will, carefully.

“I will join you shortly upstairs, then.” Says Hannibal. He smiles.

Will pulls off his gloves as he mounts the stairs, and waits in the kitchen, a dinner guest on equal footing with his host. He eyes his reflection in the refrigerator and wonders what is to become of him.

Chapter End Notes

As it happens, I've done a little digging. I haven't found anything about wendigos having antlers, but I did find out that wendigos and their ilk are monsters, usually large, that have hearts of ice or have a human shaped lump of ice in their stomachs or where their heart should be is a human-shaped lump of ice with a human inside. The wendigo can either be a monster that possesses people and causes them to become a wendigo or it can be formed when a person becomes a cannibal. You have to kill it by cutting it into little pieces and sometimes then burning the pieces. The heart must be destroyed. Most people avoid the site of a wendigo slaying anyway as if it is not done properly it can reform.

Oh, best part. Wendigos have sharp teeth and often gnaw off their own lips out of hunger. Because of this they make a horrible hissing sound.

The next installment will involve a fair amount of research on my part to get the details right as I have decided to run as close to canon as possible. That said, it may take me a while to put out an update. As I go along I try to make the chapters longer as well as you may have noticed. (Not that 1,000 words is long for a chapter of anything, but for the way I write, it is.

I'd just like to say thank you for keeping with me, I don't know that I would read my own fanfic if it only every updated at around 700 words at a time. I really really appreciate it. I'm always floored that anybody would want to read my take on anything.

P.S. I am looking for someone to beta this fic. I need someone to bounce ideas off of and read for continuity and that sort of thing. (Over Skype or aim or something like that? I'm not sure how this usually goes.) I would credit you and would totally beta your fic for you in return, quid pro quo and all that. If interested, message me.

Bite Force

Chapter Notes

Recommended listening, Kevin Kern's "Pearls of Joy": You heard me, Pearls of Joy

Fanmix, idk, in case you changed your mind:http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will had felt compelled to honor Randall. There was something about melding his body with the great old bones he had so carefully tended that touches his soul. He found that in pieces, cold and ready to be assembled, he could detach himself from that sickly saliva forming in his mouth, whether hunger or nausea he could not tell. He is absorbed in his ritual, in creating his tableau of the life Randall wanted in death.

Will works in silence, his exertion and footfall the only sounds in the still museum. Hannibal stands apart and watches until Will needs help to move the massive display. Will wonders vaguely if he now has the strength to do it himself. When it is finished he stands back and looks at his work.

"*This* is my design." He says to the feathered stag, to the vaulted ceiling, and to himself. He has quite forgotten Hannibal is even there.

"It is beautiful, transformative." Hannibal whispers. He puts his hands on Will's shoulders, Will is startled by the presence, but appreciates the words in spite of himself.

Will sweeps up glass at four o'clock in the morning. He pulls a tarp out of the shed and duct-tapes it over the window before he lets the dogs out of his room. There are a couple of spots of piss on the floor which he cleans up mechanically. The small amount of blood he can find he cleans up as well. Randall's "beast" is on the front porch, where Will had stripped him of it. He drags it to the shed. This reminds him of the jaw he has placed on the counter, he places it in his game freezer in the shed unsure what to do with it.

Jack is straightening his rumpled tie in a hospital bathroom. The walls are an institutional cream-yellow that accentuates the dark circles under his eyes. He is trying very hard to make it look like he didn't get dressed here, didn't sleep on a fold-out bed. His phone is buzzing on the sink. He pounces instinctively to keep the noise from disturbing Bella.

“Jack? Can you talk…freely? Something has happened.” Will says on the other end of the line.

Jack pauses, running through a dreadful list of possibilities. Before stepping out into the hallway and ducking into a single person restroom outside.

“Sure, Will. What can I do?” He says rubbing his temples.

“Randall is dead. He broke into my home in his kill suit and I killed him. Hannibal sent him after me and I killed him. He didn’t deny it. I took the body over there and left it as a message that he can’t intimidate me. I thought we’d have a showdown right there, Jack. I thought he’d kill me or I’d kill him, but that’s not what happened.

Jack he- he accepted me. I think he thinks we’re the same, that he’s changed me, maybe he has. Maybe you have to take me in, but I think-I think we could use this.” Will says, giving Jack a chance to speak.

“You *killed* him?” Jack says whispering, “killed” into the receiver.

“Where is he now? Did you leave him at Hannibal’s? Oh god, you didn’t-” Jack says but Will cuts him off.

“No, Jack. He’s on display at the museum. You won’t find anything on him to tie him to me. I don’t care what happens to me, he killed Beverly. He-he took Abigail, he’s got Alana under his thumb, and he thinks I’m his man, Jack.” Will says.

There’s a beep on the line.

“Will, there’s a beep. Hold on.” Jack says and switches over. The voice on the other end informs him of an incident at the museum and that he needs to get over there right away. When Jack switches back, Will has hung up and Jack decides it’s best to just get in his car and think all the way there.

Jack has already seen the display, expressed some colorful expletives about the nature of the tableau, and taken in the physical details of the crime. He knows that the victim is indeed Randall Tier; he recognized what was left of his face. He knows that the crime was not committed here, too much blood, and a dozen other little things because Jack Crawford had served the people in some capacity for most of his life. He had been sitting in his position at the FBI for over a decade. Very little fazed him, his poker face was hardened by years of delegation and tricky situations.

So, when he looked up in the chilled museum and locked eyes with not only Will but Hannibal as well, his face remained composed, not even a micro-expression to betray how he felt. It is said that the Chesapeake copycat’s heartbeat never rose above 93 beats per minute as he tore out the nurse’s eye with his teeth, but neither did Jack’s as he was approached by two men he knew to be killers.

He invites Will to take a look.

There is a familiar wiggling in Will. He had hoped it wouldn't feel this way, had hoped to feel anything, anything but *this*. But he stands under the arches, his work on display for all these stupid sheep and he doesn't taste bile in his throat, he is enthralled. His blood is rushing with a killer's thrill, and today he's not living vicariously through some sick bastard. Today his points are on proud display, his power shown to all. -He envies Randall then, for becoming and not being afraid to become, for being an animal. That is why he had to honor him. Randall saw what he was and he did not deny it. That was worthy of respect.

As Will completed his tour of the scene Jack was wise enough to play only the role he has always played and watch him at a distance. Today there is something off about his presence. When he moves he certainly moves, but when he is still, it is the stillness of a stalking cat. There is something terribly familiar about it until Jack realizes where he's seen it before, it's exactly the way Hannibal moves. Then, Jack almost feels relieved. If Will is channeling Hannibal, perhaps he can be pulled back from the brink as he was before.

Still, when Will said his spell, his ritual, Jack remembered the first time he had heard those words and the conviction in them-he *shivered*. This time, he wasn't becoming the killer, he was the killer. No one saw, but the beating of Jack's heart held him as accountable as the rooster crowing for Peter.

Chapter End Notes

Hello again, I was going to wait and post more with this update, but I decided to just go ahead and post what I had. I have been struggling with the order of events in Hannibal, like when did WIll and Margot hook up, when did Alana come visit Will, that sort of thing, and I've been thinking, I've been asking if anybody would like to beta my fic, but what I really need is a panel of people who are just as obsessed with this freaking show but better at remembering things in the order they happened and or/people to beta my fic. But hey, nobody wants to do this crap for free, right? So I was thinking, what if I made a group somewhere for people writing Hannibal fics to bounce ideas off of/get people to beta your fics? I've had great success in the past with Skype groups, so I think I'll make a Skype group for peeps who want to talk about Hannibal/Hannibal fics.

These are the only requirements:

1. Must be at least 18 (Sorry guys, this is a hard and fast rule. I know you think it's not a big deal, but if for some dumb reason my computer was seized and I had exposed you to porn or something knowing that you were a minor, I would be in actual real-life trouble. Plus, this is not the kind of stuff I'd want to show to children obviously.)
2. If you are going to submit writing for review by the group, be willing to accept critique as well as praise. I don't think we need a "hey great job" group.

You don't have to be a fic writer to join the group, but that would be radical. If you're interested, send a friend request to clacketyclick on Skype (that's me) telling me you'd like to be in the group and I'll add you.

P.S. How would you guys feel about footnotes in the note section? I've been thinking about adding them and sort of have for some of my references, but I think that might be kind of cool. For instance, the final line is a reference to how Peter said he would never betray Christ, but Jesus told him that before the rooster had crowed he would have denied him three times. Sure enough, Jesus was captured and Peter denied knowing him three times (mostly in order to keep himself safe). I personally think it's an illustration of how you can really care about someone but still betray their trust. (This is of course a simplified version of events)

In Everything a Measure of Control

Chapter Notes

Edit: Recommended listening: Paradise Circus by Massive Attack

P.S. I think I'm going to make this a thing. If I can think of a good song to add, I'll add one every chapter. If you can think of a good one, comment! :D

:edit: The song is Paradise Circus by Massive Attack

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will is sitting in his front room surrounded by dogs. There is a book in his lap that he is not reading. His eyes are roving over the titles on the bookshelves. Will's back does not rest against his chair, one foot on the ground, the other bouncing. The dogs are strange. Though they are in the room with him, most are at a distance to him. Even Buster trembled when he cleaned out his wound earlier today. Only Winston, who is lying at Will's feet would come near. The lights are on, but soon Will will have to face his bed and try to sleep.

Winston pricks his ears at the sound of an approaching car. Will can hear it too as it travels his long driveway in the dark. He considers turning out his lights but decides that would look suspicious and instead goes still, waiting.

To Will's surprise, it is Margot Verger who is calling at this late hour so far from home. Their conversation is brief.

"I don't have the right parts for your proclivities, Margot." He says. Margot kisses him roughly, putting her hands on his face. They are standing in the spot where Randall showed his belly and Will is alive and no worse for wear than a couple of cut knuckles.

She kisses him again, her hand trailing down to his member which she finds half-hard already. Will's heart is beating and the blood is roaring in his ears and he could kill or be killed tomorrow, but tonight he is quick and virile.

Will leads Margot to his room but Margot pushes him down on the bed her fingers quick with the buttons of his shirt. Will does his own pants, leaving his briefs tented by his manhood. Margot undresses quickly, first her pants and ending by pulling her shirt over her head. Finally, she takes her hair down and lets it fall loose around her shoulders, gleaming with a single wave where it was held so carefully in place.

Will pictures Alana then, and how she must look with her hair spread out across a pillow, and he is glad when Margot touches him. Margot yanks Will's boxers off and Will puts his hands out to pull her down onto the bed beside him. Margot rolls to face him and places her hot tongue in Will's ear and Will puts his rough hands between her legs and finds her clit beneath

her neatly manicured bush. Margot responds in kind pumping his cock as she guides it into her.

Hannibal is touching Alana all over miles away in his own home. Hannibal whispered her name just as he knew she would want. He could bite her ear and she would scream in pleasure, but he is exercising an immense amount of control just now. He is almost certain that Margot will have taken his advice and he has almost given Will what he wants. But Alana is with him, not Will. He smiles then, a cat with his paws in the cream.

He replays the events of the previous night in his head as he thrusts into Alana. When Hannibal came into the kitchen Will had been standing there staring at his own reflection resplendent in the best room in the house, the perfect curves of his antlers and his body poised to look at his own reflection surrounded by clean, straight lines. Here stood what he thought impossible, the unattainable, the white stag he had hunted so long standing in his den. His pulse, which quickened only with exertion, skipped a beat. Two predators in a small space, yet it was clear to Hannibal that he was the elder beast. Will had started at his presence long after he had been standing there. He had been worried then that Will would go into himself, but they both fought hard and Will stayed present.

He thought then of Will's work, and it was *Will's* work, to honor his kill. Hannibal had merely provided his own presence. How glorious to see someone work with such fervor! Such sport in the making of their art! Much sport in the making, yes. He knew his seed would not quicken in Alana's womb and yet, he felt that he had made Will. He had shattered the teacup to watch it reform into a creature of his own making. The thought excited him and he and Alana came together.

They all cum together, miles and miles apart, Hannibal satisfied because Alana is satisfied and Margot calling out for Lucy and Will thinking of wrapping his hands around Hannibal's neck. Everyone is gasping for air and very much present in their bodies. Margot steals away into the night once Will's breathing evens out and the dogs don't stop her.

Freddie is working her way around Will's house. She could sense that Will was her ticket to fame, fortune, the whole nine yards. All she needed was a book deal. Hell, at this point, she could just write the book about herself and her own involvement. There was a tarp over Graham's window, she'd get to that, what interested her was the shed.

Freddie picks the lock and she's inside. There are the various things you would expect in a barn, tools and equipment. She picks her way through them carefully observing. But there are also protective plastic screens that lead her eyes up and then she is staring up at a hideous

contraption hanging from the ceiling. It's all bones and teeth. She snaps a few pictures and rummages in the outdoor game freezer before her.

Then, she finds it, a human jawbone with tongue still attached. Horrified, Freddie drops it and looks up to find Will standing across from her behind the plastic sheeting. He steps around and closes the door.

"There really is a very good explanation for all this." He says walking calmly towards Freddie. He can hear her breathing pick up as she reaches in her bag for her gun. It excites him. He's not even sure she could kill him even she did shoot.

"I don't want to hear it." Freddie says, training her pistol on Will.

"You're not just a little bit curious?" he says, his voice barely even rising to register the sentence as a question. Freddie continues to follow his movements and back up.

"Get away from the door." Freddie says, voice trembling. Will advances on her at the same pace.

"I can't let you go, Freddie," he says coming to a stop in front of her, "not till you've heard what I have to say."

"I know you're scared. You only have to be scared a moment longer." Will says frowning, creeping forward, closing the distance between them. Will does not know whether he is speaking to Freddie or himself. He isn't scared of her anymore. Freddie doesn't hold any power over him.

"Give me the gun." He says holding out his hand. Freddie is backed against a wall now, shaking.

Freddie closes her eyes and squeezes the trigger. Will is tumbling over the worktable into cover. Freddie makes a run for it dashing around the benches and almost makes it but Will is on her scrambling, grasping. The gun fires into the roof as he wrenches it from her hand. She pulls pepper spray and douses him full in the face. She breaks away and he grabs her hair pulling out a handful of fiery curls that he drops at his feet.

He is salivating now, his teeth hard and dangerous in his mouth. He grabs a crowbar and follows her, she tries to place a call but he smashes out her window and drags her kicking and screaming into the cold air.

She is bleeding.

Chapter End Notes

I will probably regret posting this chapter without sitting on it for a while first, but this is the point where I really want to start changing things. I am very, very, torn about what will happen next, so I'm trying to force myself to make a decision by posting.

I took a little liberty here and mentioned Lucy, Margot's partner in the books. You can take that however you like in this context, but I wanted to make it clear that Will is not the only one projecting someone else into the passion. The female characters are giving me a dreadful run for my money. I have given Will more power than he had and Hannibal already had so much power, but I don't want to diminish the ladies either.

From this point on there is no going back.

So Let the Arrows Run

Chapter Notes

I can't believe I forgot to post the fanmix! There's a song for every chapter so far! I hope you like it!

Fanmix, idk, in case you changed your mind:http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag
If you want just the song for this chapter it's Sabotage by Matson Jones: Sadly, this isn't even on iTunes, but's it's really good

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He licks the side of her neck, one long drag of his tongue tasting her hateful flesh.

"Freddie, Freddie, Freddie. You just couldn't leave well enough alone, could you?" Will is talking now because his teeth grazed her skin and he liked the taste. He is trying to think, trying to separate from the stag.

Will whispers in her ear,

"I have a proposition for you, Freddie. I can't offer you my story, but I can offer you the chance to tell it." His steaming breath stirs her hair.

"I am trying to catch Lector. I am very, very deep." He pause his voice low, "He goes or I go." He says sitting up. Freddie doesn't react, her bright eyes trained on Will's face.

"You are nothing to me, Freddie. You are partially to blame for Abigail Hobbs because you couldn't leave well enough alone. You are an easy casualty in all this. I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't waiting for you.

"So, either you cooperate or I-" Will trails off letting Freddie finish the sentence and shifting to give her space to move.

"So, you what? You killed somebody? Does Lector think you're in cahoots?" Freddie says and takes the opportunity to prop herself up on her elbows. Will nods trying to stay in control as he watches her wipe the blood from her nose.

"Kill *me* then. Not really, of course, but it'd be beneficial for both of us. You get another notch on your belt and I get to be involved from a safe distance. I called Jack so I've probably gone missing by now. You smashed my window and pulled out my hair, what else do you need?" She allows herself a smile as she finishes.

Jack rubs his temples as he goes over everything in his mind. If Will were a normal person he wouldn't have a damn jawbone in his freezer. But if Will were anybody else he would still be teaching at the academy and sleeping at night and Hannibal would be throwing parties without a care. Jack mentally rechecks the situation as he sits at his desk opposite Will. Hannibal is at Wills side; a show of solidarity no doubt.

The plan is deceptively simple; the pieces are difficult to assemble. The young organ donor sickened Jack. Car crash. Victim of a drunk driver.

That part would haunt him, the brown paper crinkling as he handed the package to Will, and the hungry look on Will's face. If Hannibal weren't such a gourmet… he shuddered as he thought about how far Will would go.

The recording is excellent. Freddie thought she was being killed so that is exactly what it sounds like when played. Jack doesn't know what Hannibal knows, for the best, that way he can't ask too many guided questions.

The explanation, if needed, was a good one. The wheelchair was taken from the hospital across the street and his stolen scrubs and dark circles gave Will a look of credibility. He will douse his "borrowed" body in gasoline in an alley and sent her hurtling down the steep incline of the FBI parking garage, a flaming effigy.

They *all* lie through their teeth at each other and Jack wonders if he really has Will the way he thinks he does. He tells himself that Will is just playing the part.

`

The rest of the girl Will took wrapped neatly in brown paper to Hannibal's house. Will knew it was resting beneath the vegetables by scent and by the way his jaw set itself differently. He rolled down the windows in the cold to keep the smell out. The cold was bracing, it whipped his hair, but he never so much as flinched. He thought about pulling the twine and taking the meat in his hands and eating it, raw. Will is glad to see Hannibal's driveway and gasps as he climbs out of the car and huddles inside.

Will kept his eyes down and nearly spilled his groceries across the countertop, but he rallies and places them carefully. When he uncovers the package Hannibal doesn't say anything right away.

"I have brought the meat this evening, since you did last evening." Will says plainly.

“What sort of meat is it? Veal? Pork?” Hannibal says.

“She was a slim and delicate pig.” Will says. He realizes as he says it that on some level it is true.

Chapter End Notes

You guys are going to eat me if I don't hurry it up with this. I know more or less how I want to end things it's just a matter of finding the time to write this in a way I find satisfactory and getting the details right. I'm hoping to get another update out this week at least.

If anyone was wondering how one drives with antlers, this is the explanation: While this is all happening in real life it is somewhat beyond the bounds of reality. Will could/can see Hannibal and Hannibal can see Will in snippets. But, their weapons are for killing, they don’t seem to spend extended time in these shapes, not necessary and dangerous for a predator of this type. This is why I said that Hannibal could only see in glimpses before. We are standing in a bit of liminal space, Hannibal’s teeth may not manifest as Will’s do, he may have more control or that may just be how he is, neither character knows, they are each the only wendigo the other has ever seen.

The first of today’s references is from King Lear “much sport in his making” is phrase from the Earl of Gloucester in reference to the night that lead to the birth of his bastard son, Edmund.

The other reference is also the title of this work! The white stag (or white hart) is a legendary beast that is spotted by hunting parties deep in the woods. In Celtic legend there were messengers of the underworld (happy accident! I only knew about the next part) and in Arthurian legend it is a very difficult to capture beast and may grant wishes or be an omen of things to come. In any case, it is a noble creature, difficult to see and beautiful, and hunted mercilessly.

Gourmand

Chapter Notes

New chapter, new song! Click to listen to the mix here:
http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag
If you just want this chapter's song, it's Glass Skin by Dir En Grey which can be found here: I have glass bones and paper skin, every night my heart attacks put me to sleep...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The dinner date was going well and the meat had served its purpose. Will was relieved to note that Hannibal couldn't somehow tell that the meat had belonged to someone else, though Will had been lucky in having a young woman of about Freddie's build. Hannibal was saying that the taste was bracing, that it tasted afraid. The girl did taste different than Randall; she had had the time to see her fate and feared it. Will felt an odd rush of pride and guilt over the claim; proud that the ruse had worked but guilty of undeserved praise. Where did he fit into the world now that he sat at the table willingly?

Will ate his fill. She was already dead, what did it matter? But it did matter. He thought about it all night and into the next day. He thought about what she tasted like and what must have happened to her as he strapped the rest of the unfortunate wretch to a wheelchair and sent it careening into the parking garage. He tried to force himself to care about her, but he couldn't. He could not make this girl a person.

When he returned to Hannibal's he found that they were, in fact, eating delicate little birds. He was disappointed doubly; he might be able to stop if he could just catch Hannibal… The birds are obviously important though, the preparation is difficult and somewhat cruel, so Will tries to be sharp and keep his wits about him.

Will knows it's an ortolan when it comes to the table. He is an outdoorsmen after all, so rules protecting animals are passed around, and the enforcement on ortolans enacted fairly recently.

"I thought it was illegal to eat ortolans?" he remarks as Hannibal lays the dish before him.

"Yes, but this species is not. These are to be eaten whole. Traditionally one covers their head to hide their face from god." He pauses, making eye contact with Will. " I do not hide my face from God."

"Bones and all?" says Will.

"Bones and all." Says Hannibal.

The little bird is exquisite. The skin is flaky and crisp, the organs savory, and there is an overall taste of hazelnut where the bird is gorged in preparation for the dish.

…….

“You mean to say that killing is changing the way that I think?” Will said shifting infinitesimally under the wire strapped over his heart. “You’re changing, Will. Did your heart race when you killed Freddy Lounds?” Said Hannibal. Will pauses, thinking, his mouth quirked. Hannibal gestures for an answer.

“I-no. No, it didn’t.” Will says carefully. “I don’t believe that’s all of it.” Hannibal states. Will starts to turn his head but faces Hannibal instead. “My heart was pounding harder being in the car with my parcel than killing her.” He says. His face is flushed. “A calm heart rate is one of the greatest indicators of one’s capacity for violence.” Hannibal says smiling. A silence passes between them.

“And the other?” Will prompts.

“That’s something else entirely. It is hunger. You’re evolving, Will. You will learn to control it. You’re very bright, I would not go to such lengths for anything less. Will considers.

“But you said you were a surgeon before?” Will says.

 “An extremely competent surgeon, I lost very few patients. I have been practicing for a long time.” Hannibal said. He saw a question on Will’s face so he answered it.

“If you practice long enough you can keep yourself in check no matter what is placed before you.” Will’s mind flashed back to the vision of Hannibal standing over Randall’s body, thin and dark. Hannibal is a master of control and even he flickered at the prospect of fresh blood. After a pause Will spoke up.

“That’s good to know, but what about the bodies? Why not eat everything like Hobbs did?”

“Do you know why we need hands, Will?” He waits for a response but doesn’t get one.

“Because we don’t have snouts- we can’t bury our faces deep into the flesh we need. That’s why it’s so unsettling to see a mouth covered in blood. It’s rude to have food on your face because you have every means to keep that face of yours clean because you are not an animal. You can eat what you want but you have to eat slowly or you’ll change too much. That’s why you can’t have the whole kill.” Hannibal says.

Alana is standing on Will’s porch with a dog she’s not giving him. Will’s damp hair is making it hard to resist shivering in the cold.

“You’re worried I killed Freddie Lounds.” Will says.

“Did you?” Alana asks without hesitation.

“I told everyone Hannibal was a killer, and no one believed me. Just like no one would believe you if you said I was a killer.” He stares her down for a moment before continuing.

“You should be afraid. “

Will retreats into his home and returns with a solid little pistol and places it in Alana’s hands. He shows her how to handle it as he speaks.

“Protect yourself, Alana. Learn how to shoot. This is how you load it and check it for rounds. You should check every time you think you need to use it or handle it.” Their fingers touch and she shivers in spite of herself. When he is finished he steps away from her and back into the house.

And so she drives straight to a firing range and shoots and shoots and shoots. By the end her fingers are shaking and her body is sore from the kickback. It’s hot, the gunpowder is a searing, acrid smell and she’s sweating under her headgear. But the power the gun gives her course through her veins as her agency returns to her.

Will is stuck in that hateful space that happens when one has lain awake too long. His mind was fixated running the same thoughts over and over again. Margot is pregnant with his child. Alana is scared of him and she should be. Margot is pregnant. There could be a child. Alana is scared of him. She shouldn’t be scared, but she should be. Was any of that even real? His body had slowed down and his mind was foggy but the hateful waves kept crashing in his skull until at last it stopped.

Will is awake, halfway between his shed and his house. His feet and legs are bare and he can feel the cold seeping in through a single hole in his ratty t-shirt.

He knows what he has come for.

He keeps trudging forward.

What was it Hannibal said? Don’t eat the whole thing?

Will lets himself in with the key he finds in his hand. He can see easily with the small, faint shafts of light trickling in from holes in the wall. This gives him pause. There are no street lamps for miles of his house; yet when he lifts the lid of his game freezer Will has no trouble finding the jawbone within.

A drop of sweat trickles down from under Will’s hairline into the night air as he stands there. He exhales and watches his breath steam into the air. His ears are throbbing with the sound of

his heartbeat. He had eaten the girl, whoever she was, but this was different. He wondered what it meant if he consciously chose to eat this part of Randall.

Will reaches in and snort of bitter laughter comes out of him.

“This is just to say,” he says to himself as he touches the package. He composes his poem as he removes the zip-lock bag. The bag drifts to the ground and he turns and slides his back down the side of the freezer absent-mindedly as he begins his task.

“I am eating/ the jawbone/that was in /the freezer” He whispers. His incisors are all gone sharp but his molars crack bone.

“and which/ was probably/ saving/ your humanity” His tongue explores the cavity he has created; probes the space that holds the roots of Randall’s teeth. He cracks the jaw apart with his hands, teeth spilling everywhere. He eats the mandible first then crawling takes the teeth into his mouth as he finds them; a child sucking on the pearls of a broken necklace.

Finally, he takes the tongue pushing it past his lips like a French kiss.

“Forgive me” he says, a tear trickling down his cheek, “it was delicious/so sweet /and so cold”

Chapter End Notes

This is Just to Say
by William Carlos Williams

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

Are you disturbed yet? Because I think I feel disturbed and I wrote it. I'm sorry this particular update took so long, it's bad enough I update with two pages of content at a time the least I can do is be timely about it. We're winding down with this story and I'm wondering what I'll do and what I'll have the nerve to do.

P.S. If you've got a song to add to the mix, comment with one. I've only collected one so far (and I'm holding onto it) but if you've got a song that you think would fit this fic, send it my way. Or, you know, if you've got a comment, saw a typo, that kind of thing. I'd love to know what you think/why you keep reading.

Pleasure is the Absence of Pain

Chapter Notes

Hey, if you'd like/are interested, there's a podfic of every chapter proceeding this one and when I finish the whole thing (2-4 more of these little chapters) I'm going to record and upload the second half of it. If you've already read it I don't know if you'd actually be interested in this, but it's here if you just want to know what I sound like: White Stag Podfic

New chapter, new track!
This chapter's track is War Pigs by Black Sabbath: War Pigs
It will almost certainly take you longer to listen to the full track than it will to read this.

Fanmix, idk, in case you changed your mind:http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The baby, the embryo, Will's hope- was dead. Will had almost gotten used to the idea of a child, had almost allowed himself to believe he might ask Margot to call her Abigail if it was a girl and it was gone along with all chance of Margot ever getting pregnant again. Mason had made sure of that, or rather Hannibal had.

The unlikely gift of a child was taken once again by Hannibal's violent caprice. So Will told Mason the truth- the neurotic bastard. In some ways Mason was more disturbed than Will-the product of a nothing-denied upbringing. His tastes ran the gambit from torturing children to outright murder and the unfortunate fact of his financial clout made him the type of fish that wriggled loose of the hook often.

However, Mason knew Hannibal made for more interesting game than Will himself or Margot both having been deemed predictable. Mason was more interested in getting at the king than the pawns. The game had been set. Hannibal would want to throttle Mason immediately upon meeting him-anyone would, but especially Hannibal king of etiquette. Will wondered what would be the final straw, what slight would send him to the chopping block and Hannibal into his hands.

"Why did you tell Mason I was planning to kill him?" Hannibal says, a smile playing at his lips.

"I was curious to see what would happen." Will says. If Hannibal knows then Mason has made a threat.

"We could kill him together." Will says quietly.

The barn is spacious, made of beautiful mixed brick of red and sandy white. There is light filtering through a high window and stage lighting on the floor of the barn. Will, Mason, and a Sardinian man all in black are standing on a steel platform painted with some matte, easy-clean paint riveted together to give these the audience a good view from a sturdy surface. The pigs milled below them, strong and wiry.

This is all wrong. Mason had called him there to gloat over Hannibal and to watch from the Rococo mirror as Hannibal was eviscerated and devoured by pigs. Now Will stands beneath Hannibal as he sways gently over all of them with a placid expression.

It was all wrong, Hannibal bound by a bunch of impersonal thugs, the overly theatrical mirror, the swine, Mason's stupid hair-all of it! Mason won't even get his own hands dirty; he's even given Will the knife to cut Hannibal and excite the pigs. He could end it here but the act is so impersonal, so profane. Hannibal is a captured lion tied to a stake to be shot at and the sportsman in Will- he can't even finish the metaphor in his own mind. They are monsters. *Both* of them.

Will puts the knife to Hannibal's throat.

"Just a little bit, just enough to rile them up!" Mason says with a flourish of fingers.

Will spins Hannibal and strikes out with the knife slicing Hannibal's bonds.

The Sard strikes Will in the back of the head and he hits the ground hard.

He was crouched when he came to himself. His hands swam in his vision two red fish. He blinked and focused. There was red everywhere. Will realized that his arms were covered in blood up to the elbows and beneath him, the mobster in black, his entrails slick and mauled.

He fell back on his ass then. He realized there was flesh under his fingernails when his hands came out to prop him up and he felt it shifting in his nailbeds. There was blood on his chin.

With shaking hands he reaches up above his head. His antlers are stained with gore.

- There was something else. He had stepped clean out of his shoes.

He remembered cutting Hannibal loose then, and the hard blow to the back of his head. He stood unsteadily to inspect the area. There is a long smear of blood where something had been dragged, and a couple of small pools shining from the light of the high window; the only light high enough to illuminate the platform.

Hannibal wasn't there of that Will is certain. He is surprised to realize that his certainty was based on the fact that he couldn't *smell* him.

He licks the blood off his fingers as he thinks about how to proceed. When he realizes what he is doing he doesn't stop.

He feels strong, properly strong and self-possessed. He inhales deeply and snorts, shaking his head. With little effort Will drags what is left of the Sard over to the edge and suspends him from the hooks. With a press of a button he sends what is left of the bastard to the pigs. Perhaps the investigators will see what they want to see.

He leaves then, picking his way through the sludge on the ground. He is self-possessed enough to carry his shoes and duck at the threshold where an iron horseshoe burns his heart at the lintel. The cloven tracks in blood would surely bedevil Zeller and Price in a couple of hours if they got the chance to see this mess.

Chapter End Notes

Pleasure as the absence of pain is one of the tenets of Epicurianism.

I've been sitting on this little bit of writing for months! Months I tell you! I've been pecking away at the Sard's slick entrails over several lunchbreaks, trying to decide just how fucked-up Will actually is. I don't know if it's really ready for print but I'm going for it. If I majorly change anything I'll just tell you dudes to back-up and re-read this chapter with the next update (since they're so terribly verbose it might be an issue, ha ha)

P.S. I would just like to personally apologize about the lack of line breaks in some of the chapters. I thought they were there because I had added them in my word document, but they haven't been transferring which has probably made this difficult to read. It was a stylistic choice to not give any scene context when I do these little vignettes but I wonder if they are hard to follow? I wrote it so of course I know what I'm trying to do...

The Fall

Chapter Summary

Chapter music, Tourniquet (Marilyn Manson Cover) by Rasputina: Tourniquet
Fanmix, idk, in case you changed your mind:http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Winston is sitting on the porch. Winston *should* be inside but he's not, he's sitting on the porch staring up at Will. When Will steps up to the threshold Winston steps out of his way and makes no attempt to follow him inside.

Will can't really process what he's seeing at first. His dogs are gathered around his chair and someone is sitting in it. Mason is sitting in it, feeding them something. Will inhales sharply and suddenly the scene is clear.

"What are you feeding my dogs?" Will demands.

"Oh don't worry! I'm feeding them, well, me!"

Hannibal steps out of the shadows, practically grinning. Will growls; the sound rumbling all through his chest and throat.

"Why did you bring him here?" Will hisses.

"It was a gift. I brought him here as thanks." Hannibal's voice is perhaps a little hurt. He notes the blood on Will's forearms and dried in his facial hair.

"How did you fair, Will?" Hannibal says.

Will drops his shoes. They clatter to the floor startling his dogs. Every eye in the room is trained on Will.

"What's going on, Will? Am I sitting in your favorite chair?" Mason butts in, laughing and patting the arm chair. No one moves, not even the dogs.

"Mason, eat your nose." Hannibal commands.

And so he sets about the task, laughing to himself as he cuts off his own nose with a small, sharp knife.

Hannibal turns back to Will.

“Will, what did you *do?”*

Will doesn’t answer right away. The prick in his armchair and the blood everywhere is too much.

“Out!” he shouts. The dogs stream out the open door behind him, all save Winston who has remained in the doorway, watching.

“You tell me. What *did* I do, Dr. Lector?” Will says. He puts his hands out, palms up. He is mildly surprised to feel long claws sprout from his nail beds.

“You cleaned up.” His voice is hushed, awed. “You are adapting to your diet, Will, but you’ve taken too much. The more meat you introduce to your diet the further it goes. This is my fault. I forgot myself in that moment that you cut me free and relied on the blow to your head to keep you out of trouble. I didn’t think anything would come of it…”

Will walks towards Hannibal.

"Will, I-” Hannibal starts and puts his arms out, but Will shoves him away roughly and continues past him.

Will pulls Mason up roughly. Mason stumbles towards the door gurgling happily. Hannibal comes up behind him and smoothly snaps his neck and guides his body to slump on the floor.

Will doesn’t turn; instead he gets on his knees, grabs a dog blanket lying nearby, and moves to scrub the blood off the floor. He is trembling. He puts his hands out to steady himself and leans forward. It’s too much. There is all this blood in a place that should be safe. He’s overwhelmed. Out juts his tongue, instinct in a world of winter where prey is scarce. He laps along the floorboards, his tongue traveling the grooves, filling the crevices.

Hannibal turns to help Will clean up, only to find him face to the floor. He rushes to him, and grabs his shoulder.

“Will? What are you doing, Will?” Hannibal says, wrenching Will towards him and away from the blood. Will’s mouth and nose are smeared with blood and his eyes unfocused. He focuses them on Hannibal and for once in his life Hannibal feels he might not be the most dangerous person in the room.

After all the displays and the presents he can’t stand it. Will has never been more open or more in possession of himself. Hannibal drops the façade for just an instant, takes Will’s face in his hands and kisses him full on the mouth tasting the raw, rich blood on his lips.

Will is surprised to find his jaw working against Hannibal’s- whether to feel their mouths pressed tight or to consume him he couldn’t say. Hannibal’s response is no less

aggressive, one hand coming up to cradle Will's neck and hold him in place while the other works its way over Will's ribs under his jacket.

Hannibal slips his hand between the buttons of Will's shirt. The sensation startles Will and he clamps down hard with his razor teeth. Hannibal pulls back but Will's tongue is greedy for the strange blood seeping from Hannibal's cheek and he cranes his neck to pursue. Will doesn't open his eyes wide enough to see Hannibal as he is, a sharp, black monster hardened by his appetite and his resolve, doesn't see the antlers flashing in the moonlight.

Hannibal slams Will hard into the floor with one hand and yanks his shirt open with the other, breaking the contact of their mouths with an ooze of bloody spittle trailing between them.

Will stares up at Hannibal, his eyes jet beads just barely reflecting any light at all. Their breath steams between them as Will props himself up on his elbows, Hannibal straddling him, hand still on his chest. Will opens his mouth.

"For you…" Hannibal says. Will doesn't ask what is for him, doesn't really believe him, doesn't care. He rushes up and kisses Hannibal again.

There in the congealing blood, while Will's dogs range through the snow, they rut like animals.

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry for the delay in updating. I moved, got a new job, had a lot going on irl, you know? Honestly though, this fic is hard to write, it's not a happy place to be and I haven't really felt up for it. I'm setting a goal for myself to have this finished by the end of this month and podficed for those that like that sort of thing.

For He Will Hate the One and Love the Other

Chapter Notes

The music for this week's chapter is The Killing Type by Amanda Palmer: The Killing Type
Normally I would advocate for listening to my "awesome" playlist, but in this case, you should really watch the video at some point if you like music videos. It's really poignant. (Also, the video is nsfw)

Fanmix, idk, in case you changed your mind:http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag
(Does anybody actually listen to these?)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will sits up slowly and scrubs a hand through his hair. There is something tucked tight into one of his curls- a silky black feather. He stares at it as it rests in his palm, his legs under the covers.” “…Very strange.” he thinks. He swings out of bed to find himself in the only pair of pajama pants he owns, his body conspicuously free of sweat.

In fact, he discovers peeking down the collar of his shirt; he was scrubbed pink all over. He remembers the events of the night before in reverse order: wild, scraping sex each of them ramming into the other as hard as they could, mouths everywhere, teeth and fur and sound. Then, Mason on the floor, blood and froth in his ruined mouth and pawprints in a pool of blood. Finally, he remembers in a rush leaping onto the stricken Sard as he had tried to crawl across the platform and how he had buried his face in his rich, warm flesh. He examines these memories at a distance as if they were details in a book.

Will pads into the living room. It is immaculate other than the accumulated dog hair that had already gathered on the furnishings. His dogs come snuffling around him. He pats a few on the head as he passes into the kitchen to find a note on the counter on a piece of lined paper. It’s bizarre to see Hannibal’s unreal penmanship on such a mundane article and Will half-smiles to himself that there was *something* at least that Hannibal had been unprepared for.

My morning star,

I apologize for the regrettable events of last night; though I do hope finding your home restored to order will mend your opinion considerably. In my state of dishevelment I dared not set foot in your kitchen, but every other consideration has been made.

-Hannibal

“Morning star?” Will mumbles. There is a single black feather next to the note. He picks it up and holds it to the light. There is no oily shimmer like that of a starling; only the stately solid black of a raven’s wing.

An image of black birds pecking at pale flesh impaled on antlers flashes in his mind. He knows then that the feathers are his.

“Oh, I am fallen, alright.” He says to the empty air. He crushes the note in his hand. He is standing over his stainless steel kitchen sink. He remembers the ear, like a delicate pink shell. Will wonders if he held it up if he would hear Abigail condemn him.

He clenches his fists and presses them into his eyes, crying all alone in the kitchen.

Will’s skin is loose. He can feel it. Or, more precisely, he’s disassociating. There is the Will who dismembered the Sardinian, the Will who bludgeoned Randall Tier, the Will who creeps around barely human; and there’s the Will who trembled covered in Hobb’s blood, who felt Abigail’s life seeping through his hands but tried to apply the right pressure. He has said that he’s Jack’s man and he’s telling Hannibal right now that he’s Hannibal’s man, but whose is he really? No man can serve two masters, but Will isn’t exactly a man.

His exterior is calm, he’s sure Hannibal that Hannibal hasn’t gleaned that anything is wrong. The heat of the fire laps at his fingers as he and Hannibal destroy Will’s patient records and he allows himself to entertain Hannibal’s plan for just a moment as they brush against each other for access to the flames.

His heart beats faster imagining the life he could lead if he allowed himself his becoming. Hannibal speaks of Europe, mind palaces, the world open and inviting beneath their feet. Will has no mind palace, just a cold, dark, stream. Sometimes there is a girl in the stream with him casting a line into the flowing water.

Hannibal is writing an invitation. It says it is for a dinner party but it is really for a gentleman’s duel. He knows that Jack will recognize that below the sterling civility of this gesture. He knows that it would be rude to bare his fangs as such, but Jack will understand the message. They would wage war in Hannibal’s hall and the victor could claim Will, do with him as they saw fit. Hannibal was sure (tempered by fire as he was) that he would be

victorious. He laughs bitterly to himself imagining the redhead’s curls in flames and sets down his pen.

Chapter End Notes

I know I said end of the month, finish the fic. I don't know if I'll manage it but I'm on a roll tonight so we'll see how much I can get written.

Real notes:

I didn't realize until just now that Freddie really is aligned with fire and the color red in everything she is involved in. Her hair is red, her dismemberment is through fire, tattlecrime's borders are red; It is even by the fire that Hannibal discovers Will's betrayal and I think that's very intentional. We could probably explore that, but I'm not about to write you an essay in the margins here.

Hannibal refers to Will as his "morning star." This is a biblical reference once again, as morning star is a title used for both God and the devil. I can just picture Hannibal, the great egoist that he is using such a pet name.

Convergence of All Parties

Chapter Summary

Mogwai- Take me Somewhere Nice
^ Song of the chapter.

Fanmix, idk, in case you changed your mind:http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alana knows.

She isn't sure what the tipping point was, but the dread that had been buzzing in the back of her mind for days had reached a crescendo.

That investigator, Kade Prunell, had been by again; -it was real. It was ugly.

Alana came home vibrating like a piano wire shortly after talking to Will. She is prowling through her house turning everything over in her head. She stops for a moment and retches in her modern little downstairs bathroom; stands trembling, staring at her reflection surrounded by the pale green of her bathroom walls. *Green is supposed to be soothing* she thinks, but she doesn't feel calm or centered.

Alana knows what she must do.

She retrieves the pistol from her bag by her front door, flicks open the chamber to check the rounds, and blanches.

The gun is empty.

How could she have been such a fool! She runs upstairs to her nightstand to find that her box of rounds is packed with several ball bearings for weight, but no bullets. She heaves again in the master bath, but she's empty and all that comes up is a choking cough.

She runs into the night pulling her jacket tight against the coming rain.

Will’s reality is warping around him. He has allowed the ortolans and the red, red, meat and he doesn’t know if he can condemn Hannibal for being what he himself has become, but he can’t let Hannibal hurt Jack; that much he knows with certainty.

Kade Prunell had nixed the official plan, but Jack is a junkyard Dog and Will is…finished. This game of monsters is coming to an end. Will flexes his fingers, going over in his mind what he will need. He takes nothing but his coat as he leaves the dogs circling like a whirlpool around his feet.

It ends tonight.

The rain is coming down in a great flood. The roar of it combined with the roar of the blood rushing through Will’s veins is making it hard to concentrate. Will is walking up to the front porch of Hannibal’s house now, hoping that Jack didn’t beat him here, but knowing, knowing that he has. There is a figure on the porch, a woman.

"Will-" says Abigail.

"I didn’t know what else to do. I just did what he told me to do." Her voice is a strained whisper against the pelting rain.

“He’s a monster Will! Not like my dad, a real monster. You have to get out. He’s here. It’s only a matter of time.” She’s speaking all in a rush, clutching at Will’s arms.

“I know.” He means it to be comforting but it comes out flat. He looks her in the eyes then and has the horrible thought that she might *know*. He pulls her into a hug, quick and fierce.

“Where is he, Abigail?” Will asks.

"He’s-he’s with Jack, in the kitchen." Tears slide down her face and Will wonders if she cries for Jack or herself.

Chapter End Notes

Man, I talked a big game and then went two whole months without updating. I'm sorry I'm garbage. :C I basically have had this chapter written since then, but I'm working on it tonight and I hope to be able to hammer out the final chapter. Here's hoping, anyway! I'm so incredibly slow but I have to get it done before anything else crazy comes to light in S3!

The Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale

Chapter Summary

The final chapter

Chapter Notes

If all of the other music choices were suggestions, this one is a request. Please listen to the final song, and listen all the way through, even if you don't initially like the choice. Also, I'm an idiot and only just now realized that I can hyperlink in the chapter notes.

Full Playlist: http://8tracks.com/breakneck/the-white-stag
Final song: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=efZxvt6-SeI

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"…I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!" (The Scarlet Letter - Nathaniel Hawthorne)

Hannibal is ramming himself into the door to his pantry when Will rounds the corner into the room. He has a kitchen knife in hand and his white shirt is stained with blood.

"Where's Jack, Hannibal?" Will hisses.

"He's in the pantry." Hannibal says.

Abigail steps around the corner after Will. Hannibal sees her.
"Come here, Abigail." He says arms outstretched.

"You said that we could… But if Jack's…?" Abigail whispers as she steps towards Hannibal. Will puts out a hand in a warning gesture.

"What are you doing, Hannibal? Why didn't you run?" Will says through gritted teeth. His eyes sting. He realizes belatedly that he is unarmed.

“We couldn’t leave without you.” Hannibal says putting out his arm quickly to indicate Abigail. There is a glint in his eyes Will can’t read. They are standing together now; Abigail at Will’s back and Hannibal’s breath is stirring his hair.

They are so close.

“I offered you myself, my true self, and you wouldn’t take it. You have hurt me, Will.” Hannibal says reaching out to embrace Will; one hand brushing Will’s face and with the other he buries the knife in Will’s stomach.

Will puts his arms up around Hannibal’s almost instinctually.

Hannibal runs a hand gently, gently, through Will’s damp hair.

“Time did reverse. The teacup that was shattered did come together. A place was made for Abigail in your world. Do you understand? A place was made for all of us. Together.” Hannibal says pulling Will into an embrace as Will gasps at the cold steel nestled inside of him. Will’s eyes meet Hannibal’s, searching for light.

“I offered you a rare gift, and you wouldn’t take it. No man can serve two masters, Will. You cannot be my man and Jack’s man. I cannot be caged, Will. Can you imagine what would happen to a creature like me, like *us*, pent up? Would you presume to take away my freedom?” Hannibal says, slowly drawing the knife from Will’s abdomen. Abigail watches the scene unmoving, her mouth gaping open and shut like a landed fish. In the darkening room rivulets of shadow pool at Hannibal’s feet and at the pace of her wild heartbeat Abigail saw Hannibal flickering back and forth into another shape.

He raises the knife.

Will sinks to his knees.

Abigail’s scarred neck reopens, red blood sprays from white skin. Hannibal speaks, tells Will something about wading into the cold, dark, stream but he can’t focus. There’s too much. He’s staring at Hannibal’s back as he exits, ebony slithering under a spattered, white, button-up. Abigail is alive, but he’s watching her life as he knows it become bookended with bloody kitchen floors. The smell is too much; he has done too much. Will struggles towards Abigail across the floor. He feels Abigail’s pulse rabbit-quick start to slow under his unsteady press.

As her heartbeat gutters, Will’s quickens. He almost had Abigail again, -not that he deserved her. He had allowed himself to be transfigured by the enemy, had sold his soul to the devil and the devil had taken his due. -But Abigail didn’t deserve to die this way. Jack didn’t deserve to die this way. Her chest heaves in a valiant effort to live. He can see the stag again flickering in his vision: prone on the ground and struggling to breathe. Every beat of Will’s heart sears him from the inside out and the pain and the rage and the hunger are tempering his body.

Will bellows then, the sound guttural and inhuman, and he sobs and it is the sound a child makes when they’ve cried so hard they are about to throw up.

“Abigail for everything, I am sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” Will whispers over and over again. He feels her pulse slow and stop and her eyes never leave his face.

“Oh god, Abigail. God. God. God!” he whispers. His eyes are unfocused and her blood is all over his hands. He is gagging and sobbing, the action of it tearing at his wound and he slides down, his face hitting the ground at her neck, cheek soaking in blood.

He waded into the stream then. He let the cold water wash over him, around him, through him. He kept going until the water rose above his neck, above his head. He thought he would be washed away and the cold seeped into his very bones. But he came out the other side dripping wet and hard as steel.

“Hannibal…” he whispers through sharp teeth. He was once again in Hannibal’s kitchen, but all the humanity that had ever inhabited it, had fled.

Hannibal is carefully going over a mental list of everything he requires to leave in the middle of the night. He has just run upstairs with a travel bag in hand to retrieve a memento off his nightstand and is coming back down the central staircase when he spots Will crawling towards him. *Unpleasant, but easy to dispatch*, he thinks. He smoothly walks past Will, places his bag by the door, and turns to face his former *colleague* where he lay ruining the floor.

“Hannibal…” Will sputters, jerking forward. Hannibal can smell Abigail’s blood all over him in addition to Will’s own blood. His mouth waters. He must end this quickly before he has a chance to become…distracted. Quickly he walks forward, aiming to place his foot on Will’s neck. He had said all he cared to say to him, this needed to end.

“Hannibal.” Will says, more insistent. Hannibal looks down just in time to watch Will spring towards him; a predator at last.

And he has to eat him, of *course* he does. It is the final strike against his humanity.

They are eating each other, he’s sure of it, can feel Hannibal’s small white teeth buried in his flesh- but he is *winning*. Hannibal didn’t account for rage, for love and pain; for Abigail’s blood still congealing in his whiskers.

He is a thick, dark, monster in shaggy black feathers and fur.

A car door slams outside.

“Please, Alana. Please.” Will whispers.

Alana is rooted to her spot assessing the damage as best she can. She knew that she was walking into danger, but she had not expected *this*. Will’s pistol is in her hands, trained at Will’s chest.

Black feathers.

Torn flesh.

She can’t really even process what she’s seeing.

“Alana, *please*!” Will says again, insistent.

Still, Alana doesn’t move.

“I-I… can feel it shifting inside me. Hannibal was right; I can’t stop. I had to *eat* Abigail to be strong enough to finish him off. I drank her *blood*, Alana! She wasn’t dead, he’s had her all this time! Hannibal slashed her throat and stabbed me and I couldn’t save her, so I absorbed her. I got him…” He trails off. His face is smeared with blood; a droplet falls off the tip of his nose onto what looks like it must have been Hannibal’s shirt in a former life.

“I got him, but he warped me; made me in his image.” Will’s voice is raw.

She can’t see Hannibal’s face with his body draped over Will like it is. She realizes with a start that there is blood on Will’s teeth.

She edges towards him then. She can see now that there are tear tracks cutting through the blood.

“Please?” He says again.

“The gun is mine, if nothing else…” he holds out his hand for it, -if the appendage could even be described that way anymore.

“What has happened to you?” she whispers. She edges closer but does not cross into the blood.

“He’s killed me, Alana. Look at me.” He says raising up and gesturing at himself with a clawed hand. She sees the antlers then, slick in the light from the kitchen. As he moves his eyes shine at her in the dark like a cat’s. She shudders.

“I’m not a man anymore; I’m a monster. I can hear your heart pumping and even now, glutted as I am…” he grimaces, “-I want to tear it out of you.”

“Don’t say that, Will! We can get you help! We can-!” Alana starts, but Will cuts her off.

“If I were still a man!” he says, shoving Hannibal’s body off of him.

He rises to his feet. Alana tracks the movement with her gun. He leans forward in a peculiar way as if his center of balance has shifted. Alana’s brain is working hard to collect every scrap of information; time is running slowly for her. There are hoofprints in the blood. *Why would that be important?* She thinks.

Will takes a step and she understands.

“Hannibal sent Randall Tier to my house intending to kill me for sending Mathew Brown to kill him. But I changed. When he leapt on me, I righted myself and beat him to death with my fists. I killed him, and I devoured him, Alana. I had the jaw in my game freezer.” He takes a step.

“Hannibal forgave me, befriended me, and orchestrated the death of my unborn child through Mason Verger. When I told Mason what happened, he kidnapped Hannibal. I could have let him die there, but he has-had a strange power over me. I cut Hannibal loose. I blacked out. I think I killed one of the men, maybe more. There was blood all over me, none of it mine.” Another step. Alana is shaking.

“He brought Mason to my house. Hannibal had Mason feed himself to my dogs. Do you know what I did? Do you know how I retaliated? I licked up the mess and fucked him right there in the living room!” Another step, there is a little over a foot between Will and Alana’s outstretched arms.

“You…?” she murmurs, trying to process everything.

“If he hadn’t killed Abigail, I’d have gone with him, Alana. I almost went with him thinking he had already killed her. I can’t live like this. I can’t go to prison, hell, even to trial. I- want to press my mouth into your neck right now. I don’t trust myself to leave without hurting anyone else. Please don’t make me do it myself. You are my only remaining friend, do it.” He pleads closing the gap between himself and the gun, now aimed at his face.

“Adjust the angle upwards, wipe everything down, and put it in my hand when it’s done. That is my design.”

Will takes the gun into his mouth. His teeth scrape the barrel and she can see the points against the steel.

“I’m sorry, Will. For everything.” Alana says. She adjusts the angle and pulls the trigger.

Chapter End Notes

Please, if you feel so inclined let me know if you enjoyed the story by leaving a comment. It's not the usual flavor for a fic like this, so I hope you enjoyed it in spite of itself.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!